

How 'Bout I Give You One

by Glindy

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Summary: Just short, unrelated drabbles about/ centered around Ruffnut based on one-word prompts. I tried to stay as un-angsty and in-character as I could. Lots of cryptic-ness, Tuffnut, Astrid, and Barf and Belch.

1. Proposal

Proposal

"Yeah, right," her brother laughed. But he offered his hand anyway, not one to turn down the chance of winning a bet with his sister. "You're on!" She grabbed his hand firmly, but threw him instead of shaking it. With a wicked smile, she laughed at him until he kicked her feet from under her. And like that, the Thorsten twins were at it again.

2. Letters

Letters

She wasn't one to read. She had so many better ways to spend her time. But she wasn't reading slowly because she couldn't understand. She was reading slowly to take in every word. They intoxicated her, warmed her, and made her heart swell all at once. She never admired words where physicality could suffice, but for once she felt completely content alone with a page.

3. Fade

Fade

It was always an adventure when they stayed out so late that the night became the morning. She appreciated the slow introduction of

light, however. It would probably take her eyes the entirety of the morning to adjust anyway. "Shhhhhh," she laughed through her teeth, stumbling against her house. Her friend returned the giggle, and struggled to keep silent. "If Tuff hears us, I'm dead." They both just laughed, pulling each other into a tight, friendly hug before parting ways.

4. Truth

Truth

Whenever she decided to say it, it always caught in her chest. Her mind talked her out of it, and her Viking stubbornness locked it away. She sighed. "Ruff?" Her friend asked, looking for the sigh's intent. "Nope," she returned bluntly through the corner of her mouth. "We're good." Their eyes didn't meet again for ten minutes, when the topic shifted far away from the original point. Ruffnut smiled, forgetting her secret, and enjoying the group's company for what it was.

5. Dream

Dream

She puckered her lips and blew a stream of air onto his nose. He shook his head, snapping his jaws and chuffing deeply. She giggled warmly at him. She contorted her lips into a wide, circular shape and exhaled, her breath white and cloudy in the frigid night air. He watched it as it floated up towards the dazzling stars before he met her grin, long and almost wicked. He chuckled the best he could before he, too, exhaled. She coughed at the green smoke that now swallowed her. "Hey!" She laughed as he pushed his nose into her chest. She grabbed his face and hugged him close. They both purred with content. Her skin prickled with numbness in the cold. With the stars so bright, it almost didn't seem real. I mean, who would have thought she'd ever have a dragon to keep her warm when the moon's pale light just begged to be bathed in?

6. Forest

Forest

It was strange how something could be so vast yet so constricting. The woods seemed never ending, yet intimate all at once. That's why she liked bringing them here. It was how she felt. She'd never admit it, but it was true. She just lay on her back and listened to the sounds of birds and bugs, and who knew what else. She welcomed the head that rested on her chest as she breathed softly. She smiled, and allowed herself to bestow her first forehead kiss. To her surprise, it was greeted with a content moan, causing her heart to practically burst with happiness.

7. Tears

Tears

It wasn't like she was the one controlling it. It was a natural body reaction. She tried to fight off the tears as they swelled in her eyes. She couldn't let her twin see. That would imply he won this battle. But pain shot through every nerve in her skull as her tongue bled fiercely, cut by her own canine teeth. She grunted with pain, kicking him away. She brought a hand to her mouth and licked her finger. Yup, that was definitely bleeding badly. "Fuck," she muttered as she turned her back to him. "Woah, hey, you okay?" Tuffnut approached her with respect, no longer worried about competition, but rather his twin's well being. She brought her hand from her mouth and looked at him with eyes that clearly read judge-me-and-you're-dead. Blood now coated her teeth and lips. "Oh, gods, that's gross," Tuff smiled. Ruffnut raised a hand in retaliation, but Tuff quickly blocked the strike. "C'mon, let's get some water on that." He took her shoulder and pulled her along... before she shoved off his grip.

8. Revenge

Revenge

Astrid stared Ruffnut down with cruel, accusing eyes. "Really," she asked, amazingly displeased. "_**Really**_?"

Ruffnut looked up from her lazy position, sitting with her back against a tree. Next to her lay Astrid's axe, the handle sporting a nice, thick layer of mud, with bunches of brightly colored flowers gripping the sticky brown muck for support. "Oops, did I do that?" She smiled brightly and sunk back against the roots, her eyes shutting gently with sleep.

Astrid writhed in anger for a moment before lunging at the other girl, her battle cry echoing against the woods. Her knees pinning Ruffnut to the ground, Astrid clawed at the earth, scraping mud across Ruffnut's face and massaging it into her thick braids.

"NO! GET OFF! NOT MY HAIR! UGHH!" Ruff kicked and bucked, trying to throw Astrid off, but she was stronger.

"AH HAA!" When she finally saw it fit, she released her grip and stumbled backwards off of her friend.

Ruff wiped at her face, spitting dirt into the grass. She shook her head, letting her tongue flail out of her mouth, hoping the bitter earth would leave.

Astrid closed the space between her face and Ruffnut's. "That's for my axe." She hissed, the proverbial threat. She dragged a small flower out of the ground, roots still attached, and dropped the thing, dirt wads and all, onto Ruff's head. "And that's for everything else." Both girls smiled.

Oh, it was _on_.

9. Drunk

Drunk

There was nothing she could say but "oops." She had done it again. Not that anyone cared, nor did it matter, but getting drunk had become the norm for her. Oh, well. Might as well enjoy the night while she couldâ€¦ though mounting a dragon while drunk proves to be a very difficult taskâ€¦

10. Beach

Beach

Even though she couldn't remember the majority of it, she seemed to have enjoyed the night thoroughly. She decided she was pleased with herself as she lay propped up on her elbows. She looked around. So that's why she was so uncomfortable. Beaches have sand, and sand tends to stick to bare skin and hide in all the wrong placesâ€¦ especially when you realize you're (miraculously) in little more than a skirt and a tank top. She chuckled, her lips curling into a sinister smile. "Aww, yeah." She huffed out another laugh, her toes curling against the sand. "Awesome."

11. Rogue

Rogue

"Nah, don't see it," she said, brushing away the thought.

"Wait- what? What do you mean you don't see it?" Her brother's shoulders slumped, confused. He had thought this plan through. He was totally bad-ass material.

"Nope," she said, curling her mouth. "Not a million years. But keep dreaming." Her shoulders twitched as she snickered.

Tuff was taken aback, but as his sister already turned her back and started in a new direction, the conversation was dying like an extinguished candle. "No, waitwaitwaitwaitwait, c'mon!" His stumbled after her, trying to convince her of something that obviously wasn't trueâ€¦

12. Jealousy

Jealousy

She coughed, the wind knocked out of her for what seemed to be the twentieth time in a row. She turned over to face the ground and rose to all fours as she struggled to fill her lungs once more.

"What are you doing?" Called Astrid, walking through the threshold to join her friend in the ring.

Ruffnut jumped to her feet, and sniffed over-confidently. "Nothing, I was actually, uh, just practicing- no, wait, strengthening a few skills." She shifted her weight, her hips tilting with false confidence. "You, know," she brushed the back of her hand against her face and tossed her loosened bangs with a flick of her neck, "no big deal."

Astrid smiled, but raised an eyebrow at her friend curiously.

Ruff just stared back, eyes half closed, her smile puckered on one side of her face.

Astrid rolled her eyes, swung her arms back, and bent her knees. Momentum built, she flung her body backwards, her legs swinging back gracefully to catch her when she landed her flip. Once finished, she shifted her weight to lift one side of her hip, and looked at Ruff with a challenging smile.

"Psh," said Ruffnut, rolling her eyes and turning her back. "Show off!"

13. Hatred

Hatred

_Author's note: I really just didn't want to write angst. Oh, forgive me! _

Just! just Snotlout.

14. Thunder

Thunder

The sonic boom rattled the entire house, and radiated through her feet and up her spine. It was awesome and frightening and powerful. She made eye contact with Tuffnut. The twins knew they were both thinking the same thing; they were hoping it would happen again. But the only sound the night produced was that of hail cracking the shingles. They'd have to clean that up tomorrow.

15. Diamond

Diamond

The sun shone too bright against the freshly fallen snow. It was like a second sun, and it blinded her. She held a hand to her face, wishing she _hadn't_ opened the shutters for some air. She moaned. "Ohh, very much hurt." Her words were rough with the day's first use of her voice. Her eyes squinted almost shut as she struggled to adjust to the clear morning. The air was cool and crisp in her lungs, and she welcomed it. She did not, however, welcome the ice ball that exploded as it smashed against her face. Her skin prickled, stinging with miniscule scratches. "AGH!" Her face recoiled straight into the sturdy window frame, sending a thick ringing through her skull. She heard a familiar laugh. She shook her head, and turned to see Astrid, partly silhouetted by the glinting snow. Her figure shined in the snow, almost angelic.

"Get down here," her friend called, "or I'll just take that as a forfeit!" She placed her hands threateningly on her hips, and tapped her foot impatiently. Now fully awake, Ruffnut's lips curled slowly into an eager grin. She spun on her heels and yanked on clothes before running outside to chase down and tackle her best friend, the

two girls laughing all the way.

16. Nightmare

Nightmare

She shot up in bed, screaming her throat raw. Sweat plastered lost strands on long blonde hair onto her pale face, and dripped down her back and off her thighs. She gasped for shallow breaths, her blue eyes wide with terror. She kicked off her covers and ran to the only place she knew she'd find comfort; in Tuffnut's bed. She buried her face fiercely into his chest, kicking her feet against the bed with her frantic attempts to hide in him. "Woah, woah, woah," he moaned groggily. "Hey," he grabbed her arms firmly, "I've got you. You're okay." He looked her dead in the eyes, his own ringing with more seriousness than his friends ever had the pleasure of seeing. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close, his arms strongly yet gently constricting her. "You're okayâ€¦" She breathed her first unlabored, fearless breath. Her muscles relaxed, and she was no longer struggling to throw demons from her mind. She was safe. She knew she was safe.

17. Glitter

Glitter

"Woah," Ruffnut whispered loudly. She lay flat on her back, her legs folded backwards so her toes met her hips. The heat was intense, but the sparks from the Nadder's flame were _stunning_. Stormfly pressed her head to Ruffnut's chest and pushed, pressing Ruffnut into the ground. She moaned, the breath leaving her lungs. "Stormfly!" Astrid called, yanking her dragon's head away. "You okay, Ruffnut?" The blonde just lay still, dumbstruck against the Ring's stone floor. "Ruff?" After a long pause, the blonde finally squeezed her eyes shut and contorted her face with pleasure.

"That was _awesome_!"

Astrid rolled her eyes, and led Stormfly to the outer walls of the ring.

18. Dark

Dark

She cursed through her teeth as she lay cringing on the floor, fallen flat on her face. She knew her home well, yet she could still manage to stub her toe _and_ trip on warped floorboards when she came home so very late at night. Apparently she only knew how to navigate her home in the light.

19. Silence

Silence

She bent close to the ground and snuck slowly around corners. She

held shield close, her arm straining pleasantly with the weight. She was terrified, but she welcomed the adrenaline rush. She heard the familiar chuckle of the Nadder from the other side of the thin wall beside her. She held her breath. Any little sound and she knew the dragon would be on her and she would be out (whether that was in relation to the exercise or her consciousness, she didn't want to know).

20. Flying

Flying

It couldn't be said that the four of them were smart. It could actually be argued that they were quite on the other end of the spectrum. But sometimes, they shared the craziest feeling in the world. The dragons understood each other, and flew obediently under their shared wings. The twins knew what they wanted, as well. They didn't read each other's minds so much as they shared the same thoughts. Wind blowing their long hair behind them, they looked to each other. When their eyes met, they smiled, knowing they shared a bond stronger than anyone but their dragons would ever know. Ruffnut scratched her dragon's chin. He purred in response, as his rider watched her brother whack his dragon's neck affectionately. His head roared lovingly back at him. The twins snapped their faces back forward and lay streamlined against their dragon. "H'YAH!" Tuffnut roared, and their dragon shot off, fast and twisting and amazing. The Thorsten twins shared something more than just the usual bond between dragon and rider; they understood each other, and both human and dragon parties appreciated and felt at home in that.

21. Moonlight

Moonlight

She lay on her roof, her hands folded behind her head. One leg rested propped up while the other lay flat. She just stared up at the moon. It wasn't full or entrancing or beautiful in anyway, but rather a sliver hiding behind wispy, quick moving clouds. She breathed in the night air, and let it out with a monstrous sigh. Tonight was just one of those nights. She curled her bare toes against the cold and shifted slightly, the roof chilling her exposed flesh. She strained her neck to look down at her torso. Goosebumps covered her stomach and dotted her legs. She was happy in the cold, as it helped clear her mind, but she forced herself up, crawling to the edge of the roof. She curled her fingers around the gutter and swung herself back into her and her brother's room with a thud. Shaking her hair free of its braids, she climbed into bed and spent the night snoring as she dreamt.

Author's note; For the record, I did not imagine her naked. I imagined her in underclothes, just about ready to slink into bed. Ruffnut is a Viking. She has no shame. :P_

22. Rumors

Rumours

She giggled when Astrid walked past.

"What?" Snapped her friend defensively.

"Nothing," Ruffnut chuckled, her eyelids narrowing. "It's juuustâ€|" She shrugged her shoulders and turned her back. "People talk." She snickered, knowing Astrid knew _exactly _what she was talking about. Everyone knew her and Hiccup were close, but no one expected Hiccup could even go that far.

Astrid tackled the girl, rolling both of them when they landed with a thud. She pinned Ruffnut's throat to the ground with her forearm. Her lips were curled in a snarl, but her cheeks flushed pink.

Ruffnut giggled. She couldn't help it at such an adorable sight. "Chill," she choked against her friend's arm. "I'm just teasing."

Astrid kned her in the ribs before she relinquished her grasp. Ruffnut knew it would bruise. She needed to learn how to watch her mouth sometimesâ€|

23. Always

Always

They'd been friends since they could walk, and now here they were, almost twenty years later. It was hard to think she was getting married now. It was, in fact surreal; and it wasn't even _her _wedding.

Astrid was indeed breathtaking in that dress, whether it was comfortable or not.

Ruffnut cupped her hand around the back of Astrid's neck, and stared into her eyes. The girls smiled at each other, affectionate tears threatening to spill for the first time in years.

"Always," Astrid answered with a sigh, fighting back the lump in her throat. They embraced tighter than they ever had, holding onto their childhood, their shared dreams, the sisterhood they formed.

They found love in each other, and they would never let that go. For anything.

24. Snowdrop

Snowdrop

The two just stared at the little flower. A long silence over took them, filled only by the distant sounds of insects chirping elsewhere in the forest.

The silence was finally broken by the taller of the two. "They look sad," Tuffnut shrugged, his steel blue eyes not leaving the tiny white bulbs.

"What?" His sister snapped back. "What do you mean they look sad?"

She gestured an open palm to the flowers. "They're so tiny and pretty," she argued, her eyes getting wider and prettier to mimic her views.

He shoved her face away. "No way! Look at them! They're sad."

She punched his shoulder.

And like that the twins were at it _again_, rolling over the very flowers they were arguing aboutâ€¦ not that the Snowdrops truly mattered any more.

25. Butterfly

Butterfly

The dragon snapped it's jaw shut around the insect, and like that it was gone.

"Aww," moaned Ruffnut. "You killed it!" She put her hands on her hips and pursed her lips at the Hideous Zippleback.

The beast widened its eyes in shame. It lowered its head to the ground, dragon and rider never breaking eye contact. It spit out the clump of saliva that used to be a butterfly. The dragon's eyes searched Ruffnut's for a moment before licking its lips. _Did I make it better_?

Ruffnut huffed out a laugh, and took her dragon's face in her hands. She knew the places he liked a scratch, and he purred when she awarded him with one.

End
file.